

Distractions

by thanks-for-the-breasthat

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Pairings: Hiccup/Astrid

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-05 10:26:26

Updated: 2014-10-28 05:57:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:39:21

Rating: M

Chapters: 17

Words: 16,719

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A drabble series about Hiccstrid's evolution as a couple and their mental/physical relationship developments. (Basically Hiccstrid fluff/smut to satisfy the Hiccstrid feels) Httyd 2 spoilers

1. Late Night Returns

Hiccup stretched out in bed, rubbing his leg to ease the soreness from the muscle that seemed to bother him more now that the short and mild summer on Berk was fading to a long fall and even longer winter. Across the room next to the heavy stone fireplace, Toothless lay curled up on the stone he heated every night, which also kept the room warm even on the coldest days of the year.

He heard his wife's soft footsteps on the stairs up to their room, and rose up on his elbows to see her come through the doorway. Her cheeks were wind burnt and the peak of her nose was rosy with the cold. She looked to him lying in their bed, and he saw her eyes flicker down his bare chest to his legs stretched out on the bed, the blankets at least pulled over his bottom half to provide some semblance of decency.

"Late night for you, Milady?" he asked, following Astrid with his eyes as she crossed the room to tug off her boots and place them next to the fire.

She gave Toothless a scratch under his chin. "Some baby nightmares somehow managed to set the entire nursery on fire. Be glad you were taking care of the traders when that happened. An utter mess it was. Idiots trying to handle a situation they are far from capable of dealing with, really." Her voice picked up a sharp undertone. Although her temper had gotten better over the years, underneath it all, Hiccup knew that she was still the fiery teenager who knew how to take control for the better. "And just after we'd gotten that cleared up, Stormfly was in the wrong place at the wrong time and got

more than a few bruises from Cloudfire after she found her too close to her newest litter. And I can tell that your leg is bothering you tonight."

While she had been talking, Hiccup had reached down to rub his leg and had readjusted it from the aching that was still pulsing through his stump. "Just a little," he lied.

She crossed her arms. Even without her shoulder pads, boots, and the weariness of a long day evident in her eyes, he could tell she wasn't up for games tonight.

She didn't even have to say anything and he cracked. "All right, yeah," he said, and did the "shoulder-thing" on purpose so Astrid might crack a smile.

He could see one pulling at the corners of her small mouth. "Help me off with these things and I'll rub it for you." She sat on the edge of the bed while her husband unwound her braid and she stripped down to underwear and her breast bindings.

Hiccup never ceased to feel a slight pang at the sight of her bare back, beautiful to him, but not without its fair share of silvery pink scars, both from before the Red Death and after. She was sitting on the side of the bed with her back to him, and he helped her unwind the bindings around her chest, admiring the sight of her figure, the way the firelight accentuated the dip in her waist, the lean muscles in her arms and the slight curve of a breast just hidden from his sight.

She reached over and grabbed her night shirt off of the chair not far from the bed, pulling it on over her head. Hiccup didn't miss the chance to blatantly stare at her long legs, the swell of her hips and curve of her backside.

"I know you're looking" she murmured as the night shirt settled around her hips.

He wound a hand around her waist, pressing his lips into her shoulder. "Don't tell me you've already gotten tired of me finding you arousing. After all, I did marry you for your body," he teased.

She chuckled. "Oh of course you did. Just like I married you for your magnificent dragon."

Toothless's ears perked up from across the room and Astrid said to him without looking, "No, Toothless, not you."

Seeming to understand the joke, the night fury let out a long sigh-like breath and turned to face the other way, curling his tail around his head so his fin covered his face.

Hiccup laughed softly into her neck, kissing the skin at the bend of her throat. The arm around her waist reached down and began to pull her night shirt up, snaking around her warm stomach.

"What about your leg?" Astrid smirked.

"My leg isn't the only thing that's throbbing anymore," he murmured

into her neck, nibbling a patch of skin just beneath her ear.

She reached behind her, grasping the bulge in the sheets that was suddenly evident. "Well that was fast."

His hand around her stomach reached up to her nipple. "It's hard to hold back when my wife starts taking her clothes off in front of me."

Astrid whirled around on him, pushing him back against the bed. "Then don't hold back at all."

Hiccup heard Toothless's wings shifting as the dragon leapt out through his own private dragon door.

"Good choice bud," Hiccup mumbled to himself, his breath catching in his throat when Astrid pulled the sheets down.

It turned out that his leg didn't feel so bad after all.

2. Summer

Hey guys, so I originally just intended this to be a single drabble, but I think I'll keep the drabbles coming. Have any suggestions for more? PM me!

Berk winters may have been ones that froze your bones and bit you down snowflake by snowflake, but Hiccup had always felt that summer on Berk was worse; the brooding heat, the sweat inevitably dripping down his spine, the sun pounding down on his shoulders, turning the tops of his ears and the tip of his nose red and peel-y after short periods of time out of doors.

Then of course, there was summer with Astrid.

His girlfriend didn't seem to mind the heat and was always wanting to go off into the wilderness in search of a fresh new place to find with him. Usually he would be all ears, but with the humid heat of the day cooking him in his clothes, Hiccup, grumbling and muttering to himself all the way, would reluctantly accept. And when it wasn't the adventuring she had in mind, it was going to visit the new nest of Terrible Terrors that had settled into a previously empty burrow, or practicing her scaling skills up the side of a cliff across the island, which of course, she needed someone nearby just in case she should fall (she never did), or even taking a trek down to one of the beaches with the coarse brown sand as a favor for Fishlegs (more for Meatlug's rock appetite) while he was busy with the academy.

But while all those things weren't the most enjoyable events of Hiccup's free time (more limited now that the academy had gained students), he kept doing it because it was summer with Astrid. And even though their adventures were a pain in his behind sometimes, there were certain treats that were too good to miss. Like when she would take off her leggings once they were far enough away from the village and he could watch the muscles in her long, lean legs as she walked in front of him, catching the occasional glimpse of wrapped underwear at a particularly steep incline or a particularly large step; sometimes even the heat got to her and they would go to the cove for a quick (naked) dip to cool off. But on even more rare

occasions, Astrid would catch him on a particularly slow day and insist that the two of them go check out a "terribly important problem" out at sea.

After the exchange, they would take off over the ocean on their dragons, not even having to exchange any words to know where they were both headed: Itchy Armpit. They usually didn't even make it to the ground before Astrid was hopping out of Stormfly's saddle and sliding in front of Hiccup. They would botch the landing and tumble off of the night fury, who merely rolled his eyes and bounded off with his friend while their riders rolled into the grass, pulling apart ties and laces.

And on this particular day, the heat didn't seem to bother Hiccup all too much. Not when the heat of Astrid's body was so much more distracting. He pulled at her sweat dampened shirt, his flight suit already starting to loosen from its many ties and buckles.

From under him, Astrid pulled his face down to hers, parted lips against his, teeth nibbling his bottom lip while her hands clinked through the buckles on his trousers.

"Astrid," he groaned against her mouth, bending to her throat, tasting her skin, salty with the heat. "You distract me from my duties too much. What will the village think?"

She wrapped a calf around his thigh and pulled him closer. "Your duties also include keeping your girlfriend happy, otherwise I think that I won't marry you after all," she teased and reached down to squeeze his bum. "Besides, you're hard to resist in all this leather."

Hiccup let out a small groan. The buckles holding his chest plate on were looser than they were before, but he could still feel his back fin open (it had popped open at some point during their landing). "Maybe it's time you stop talking," he murmured against her jaw, hand clawing up her thigh and tugging at the wrapping around her hips until it fell away.

His belt clinked as he tugged it the rest of the way open.

"Since when do you ever tell me what to?"

He pushed inside her and her back arched, her thighs clamping around his hips. Hiccup's body was slick underneath his flight suit, and he could feel the heat radiating from both inside and outside her body, but that didn't make him want to stop.

Her body succumbed to the steady pulse of his hips, hair twisting through the grass, fingers holding on to his hair, his shirt sleeve. The joints of Hiccup's fin creaked with every thrust, and Astrid was suddenly reaching between them, but Hiccup pushed her hand away, balancing on one elbow as he quickly found the bead he was looking for, slick with arousal.

Astrid groaned his name, fingers tightening in his hair, moaning through a heavy breath as his talented fingers brought her closer to her end. Her hips twisted beneath his like a minnow, and he increased his efforts, desperate to reach his climax after her.

But he could feel himself reaching the edge, and gave a few final erratic thrusts, hard enough to push her body up in the grass, fingers still slipping over her as his seed rushed into her and his labored breath caught, muscles clenching, groaning into her shoulder.

She followed not long after, panting and writhing against his touch. Her roughened lips parted, eyes closed, muscles tensing around him.

Hiccup looked down at her with a wild grin on his face, catching his breath. "Well Milady, I have to say that was quite an important problem to resolve."

Astrid gave him a wry grin, pressing her lips to his quickly. "Don't tell me you don't enjoy these problems. . . certainly it's better than dealing with some of those kids?"

They both began readjusting their clothes, Astrid pulling up her leggings, Hiccup winding his back fin into place. "Oh I suppose. . ." Hiccup sighed, smiling at her.

She shook her head, rolling her eyes.

The pair slowly made their way back to Berk, not eager to get back to the rest of the Vikings when they were perfectly satisfied just being with each other.

3. Sounds

Drabble suggested by Rush Fire. Suggestions for future drabbles more than welcome! (No, really, please PM me if you have an idea that you want written out)

The Vikings on Berk would follow their new chief anywhere he led them; they would fight at his side, give up fighting dragons because he convinced them otherwise, even change around their village in favor of a more dragon friendly habitat. They knew him not just as Hiccup the Chief, the pride of Berk, but as Hiccup the person: that awkward gangly kid of Stoick's who had an odd head on his shoulders but a good heart. The only thing that they didn't want to know about him, was how often he and his newly wedded wife "got it on" to quote Snotlout.

Unfortunately for the Vikings of Berk, that was one thing that they seemed to know far too much about. Pass by the Haddock home on the way to the great hall at most any hour of the night, and chances were that you heard the loud moans, groans, and cries of Hiccup's wife from their open bedroom window.

Parents shielded their children's ears in a failed attempt to avoid the question "what are Chief Hiccup and Astrid doing?"

Gobber would hurry past, red in the face, trying not to think of what his former apprentice was doing to his wife, especially since he still thought of them as the children who had grown up at his side.

Astrid's mother avoided the hall entirely, refusing to even pass by

the house at any hour of the day, thanks to an unfortunate walk after breakfast and having to listen to the desperate cries of "Hiccup!" in various frequencies and intonations. Now she could only hear her son-in-law's name in the inflection of her daughter's voice emanating from the top floor of the Haddock home.

Ruffnut would lean against the side of the house, mourning the fact that there wasn't a tree nearby where she could look in on them in the middle of the act. Tuffnut would always be too oblivious to realize what was going on when he did hear something, so he didn't see what all the hype was about.

Fishlegs seemed to have the worst luck of all of them. No matter the time of day or how quickly he passed by, he could somehow always manage to hear some obscene comment or moan. Once he even heard the creak of wood repeatedly hitting against the wall. Never again, he would always say to himself, and his bad luck never failed him.

Hiccup and Astrid would inevitably wander out of their house sometime later in the day or the next morning, and never knew why most of the village turned red and stuttery when they saw the couple.

Astrid finally figured it out when she found Ruff, who had fallen asleep, slumped against the side of their house.

Unfortunately for the rest of the village, that didn't make the couple any less vocal. If anything, they seemed to be proud of it, smirking and basking in the uncomfortable glances, awkward murmurs, and red faces. And after that, the village could have sworn that she got even louder.

4. Baby Talk

Well it's fluff today, yall . I couldn't resist the pull of writing Daddy Hiccup (also Mommy Astrid)! Also, if you have any ideas for future drabbles, please request!

Astrid awoke blearily to the wailing of the babe from across the room. She heard Hiccup stirring next to her, but quickly threw the furs off before she convinced herself to let him get up. He was in for a long day of rounds tomorrow anyway.

"I'll get her," she mumbled without looking over her shoulder. She shuffled over to the cradle where Una lie, her small limbs waving, blankets thrust off. Her wisps of bronze hair stuck up at odd angles, and Astrid gathered the blanket around her, supporting her head as she lifted her, holding her daughter against her chest.

"Shhh, darling," she whispered as she folded the blanket around her kicking legs. "How about you and I go downstairs so we can let your daddy get back to sleep."

Una only wailed some more, tears squeezing from her pinched eyes. Astrid wiped them away with her pinky as she descended the steps. The embers of the fire were the only light in the dim room, casting an orange glow on the outline of the two chairs by the hearth and the table on the other side of the room.

"Let's get some more light in here, shall we?" The bare wooden floor was chilly against Astrid's bare feet when she bent down for a moment to toss a small log onto the fire, poking it with an iron rod hanging on the stone chimney. Once she'd urged a few licks of flame to life, she sat in her chair, tucking her legs underneath her to keep her toes warm.

The sleepiness had begun to fade into the back of her mind, though Astrid's eyelids still felt heavy and she knew she would fall right back asleep once she got back to bed. "How about some food in your belly, hmm?"

She struggled one handed with the drawstring of her nightgown, the whole feeding process still new to her, feeling both natural and odd at the same time. Una immediately calmed down and quieted, giving Astrid's ears a break from the rattling screams.

After she was done, dropping back to sleep after a few content burps, the babe cuddled close to Astrid's chest, one tiny fist out of her blanket. Astrid stroked the soft skin, the tiny knuckles that were only dimples in plump flesh.

She heard a floorboard creak on the stairs and looked up to see Hiccup standing in his sleeping pants and shirt, staring down at her with an odd look on his face.

"You're supposed to be asleep," Astrid murmured, giving him a glare for good measure even if she wasn't angry. "How long have you been standing there?"

"The whole time," he said sheepishly, running a hand through his disheveled hair.

"Well she's sleeping now so you can go back to sleep." Even though she was perfectly comfortable with Hiccup seeing her naked any other time, she was never really at ease with him watching her feed Una, and the thought of him observing that night made her cheeks turn pink. She hoped he didn't notice in the dim light.

A small smile crossed his lips and he climbed down the rest of the stairs, prosthetic clunking loudly in comparison to his socked foot. "I think I'll stay up for a little while longer."

"You have to be up early tomorrow," she scolded, but he only planted a kiss on her forehead and leaned down to take their daughter.

"I want to be up now."

Astrid passed Una off and watched her husband carefully, curious as ever. Seeing Hiccup with a baby was a new sight for her, one that never failed to have her heart twisting in mysterious ways she never knew it could. He stood next to the fire, now a low flame, with his rumpled clothes highlighted by the orange glow. The blanket with squares the color of Nadder scales hung over his arm, and Una, only a few weeks old now, rested against his chest. She was so small that he could hold her in one arm easily, the other reaching up to stroke her cheek. The look on his face was one of pure content and joy.

"You know something, little Una?" he whispered, leaning down to kiss the soft nest of hair that matched his. "Your Mommy does such a good

job of taking care of you and I that sometimes she forgets that I want to hold you too."

Astrid smiled, not wanting to interrupt.

"But that's really okay because she's just doing it out of love. But I love you too, and I love Mommy especially for helping to give you to me."

Una stirred in her sleep and stretched her fist into the air before settling it back down onto Hiccup's chest.

Hiccup tucked her blanket more snugly around her and looked up to Astrid, beaming.

She let out a small chuckle and rose, wrapping her arm around his waist, looking down at their daughter. "Well, you'll be glad to know that I love you too."

Hiccup brushed her hair away from her cheek, smiling softly.

They stood like that for a little longer before Astrid gave a little shiver in the chilly air. "We should probably go back to bed."

They headed back up to their room, and Astrid crawled into the warmth of the covers, watching in the faint moonlight as her husband put their sleeping baby back into her cradle, tucking the blanket around her. He sat on the edge of the bed to unstrap his leg and finally crawled into the furs with her.

She inched towards his side and he pulled her against his chest. His shirt was ever smelling of smoke, and she'd grown accustomed to associating the smell of dragons with the smell of Hiccup. Tonight she breathed it in and thought of just how wonderful a husband and father he had turned out to be.

5. Rumor

Some light Hiccstrid humor for your day prompted by Rush Fire. Please don't be afraid to request! Also, for those of you who enjoyed Chapter Four (aka Baby Talk) I'm starting a story solely about Hiccup and Astrid's adventures in parenting (aka One Plus One Equals Three)!

Astrid didn't realize just exactly how sore she was when she got out of bed one morning after a particularly. . . vigorous night with Hiccup. Hiccup stretched in bed next to her, pushing a hand through his messy hair. And then he must have remembered the previous night, because his face slowly spread into a goofy grin and he looked to Astrid, still smiling.

She rolled her eyes and tugged the covers off of his naked body. "Come on, get up, babe. You're already late starting your rounds."

"_We_ could go for another round," he said, and she offered him a blank look over her shoulder as she pulled on a pair of leggings. "Maybe later," he amended and sat up, reaching for his prosthetic leaning against the nightstand.

"If last night wasn't enough for you, then you have some serious problems." Her voice was briefly muffled when she tugged her shirt over her head.

"More like serious stamina," he snorted.

Astrid chose to ignore him (his head was already big enough what all this "pride of Berk" talk, even if it was true).

Work at the academy was as usual as ever, with Fishlegs teaching the youngest group of kids that day about ways to approach a wild dragon safely, and she was dealing with the older class, taking them out for a flight. The elder group were mostly younger teenagers, about the age that she had been when she'd undergone a completely different sort of dragon training, and they were all beyond excited when it came to riding their dragons.

Most of them rode Gronkles or Nadders, with a few harder to train Monstrous Nightmares thrown in the mix. Taking them all out on a flight would be chaos, so she'd decided when she had begun training that she took out different groups sorted by their species of dragon.

That day the first group up were the four Nightmares and their riders (She always wanted to get the most stubborn out of the way first). She made sure everyone's saddle was secure before she climbed up on Stormfly's back and sat down.

But then she immediately lifted herself up again when the fuzzy, bruise-like pain throbbed between her legs. She put two and two together. "Thanks a lot Hiccup," she muttered, trying to sit back down in a way that wouldn't press against the bruises.

She looked up, realizing that the three boys and one girl were staring at her. "That's not how you taught us to sit," one of the boys said plainly.

"Well, I bruised myâ€"hip yesterday." The words tumbled from her mouth and she cursed herself once she'd said them for the pathetic excuse. They were old enough to catch on if she let them. And the last thing she wanted to deal with was yet another story floating around the village about their sex life, of which there were entirely too many for Astrid's liking. Hiccup didn't seem to mind, probably because all the stories seemed to portray him as some expert who knew what he was doing all the time (but really, if she hadn't given him a few pointers near the beginning of their physical relationship, he would be completely clueless).

The class bought the shaky lie and by the time they'd gone on a low flight around the island, her thighs were burning from holding herself up for so long.

After admitting to herself that she wasn't going to hold up for a whole day like that, she muttered indecencies and decided to hold class on the ground that day. Hiccup laughed later on in the day when she told him, and it took her a few days to be able to ride comfortably again.

Much to Astrid's horror, somehow the rumor got out that Hiccup bedded

his wife so hard that she couldn't ride her dragon afterwards, and although her students had snickered for the next week or so, she didn't miss the sly smile on Hiccup's face. She suspected him of fanning the flames of the rumor, but it eventually died back down.

That is, until someone caught Astrid with her hands down Hiccup's pants in the loft of the stables. They never heard the end of that one.

6. Anniversary

FLUFFITY FLUFFY FLUFF

"Guess what tomorrow is," Astrid said, practically singing, leaning over Hiccup's shoulder as he read over a few documents, scarfing down his morning porridge. She kissed his cheek.

He didn't look up from his bowl, shoveling another spoonful into his mouth. "The last day of the week?" he asked through an entirely too large bite.

She pulled away from him, frowning at the back of his head. She couldn't tell if he was just joking or he was actually forgetting that it was their third anniversary tomorrow. When he didn't say anything else and only kept reading, she cuffed the back of his head.

"Ow! What was that for!"

"Figure it out yourself you big dummy." She wheeled around and left him sitting at the table, dumbstruck.

"You'd think he would remember," she muttered to herself as she stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind her. "Of all the stupid, inconsiderate. . ."

She didn't want to admit that his lack of knowledge about their marriage bothered her as much as it did. On the walk down to the stables, she tried to push down the rejection settling uncomfortably in her chest, but it rose anyway, pinching in her throat.

Maybe he's just pulling a fast one, she tried to convince herself. But the disappointment didn't abate even after a ride from Stormfly.

Later in the day she went to the forge where Gobber had been keeping her present for Hiccup safe: a new tunic that she had been working on whenever she could find time alone without him, and more interestingly, a new notebook of imported paper, his name embossed into the leather front. She turned the leather notebook over in her hands, once excited to see his face when she gave him his present, but now she just felt stupid.

She avoided Hiccup for the rest of the day and ate a quick dinner at home before trudging upstairs alone, blowing out the candle and settling into bed. She lie beneath the furs for a while, and eventually she heard the front door creak open and shut, the shuffling of Hiccup moving around downstairs before he climbed up the

stairs and entered their room. His foot knocked against the wood with every step, and she listened to him quietly moving around the room, hanging up his chief's cloak on the peg next to the door and setting something down on his desk.

The mattress shifted when he sat down, and Astrid snuck a peek to make sure his back was to her before she opened her eyes. The disappointment in him rose in her stomach. How could he forget the most important day of their lives? And not even attempt to find her at all throughout the day as he usually might?

She watched him pull his shirt over his head, then lean down to undo the straps of his prosthetic the freckled back stretching over lean muscle. He let out a long sigh, swinging his legs onto the bed and pulling the furs up to his waist, and she snapped her eyes shut, relaxing her face when he scooted towards her.

"You asleep?" he whispered.

She didn't say anything.

His fingers brushed hair back from her forehead and she felt his lips brush her temple. "Happy anniversary."

Astrid's eyes shot open. "What?!" She bolted up.

Hiccup jerked away from her, surprise evident on his face. "You're supposed to be asleep."

"And you're not supposed to let me think for the whole day that you forgot!" She glared at him in the darkness while relief flooded her chest.

He lowered his eyes, biting his lips. "Yeah, well I couldn't exactly have you going and ruining my surprise."

She paused. "Surprise?"

He ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah, I mean, I couldn't have you hanging around all day today."

She leaned forward, pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "So what is it?"

"I can't just tell you, you'll find out in the morning."

She narrowed her eyes. "You were putting it out downstairs so I'd find it when I get up, didn't you?"

He froze. "No, of course not, why would I do that?"

She tossed him an are-you-really-trying-to-lie-to-me look and threw the furs off, getting out of bed.

"What? No! Don't look at it now!"

"Why not? Technically it's our anniversary now," she said, smiling sweetly at him.

He pulled back the furs, reaching for his prosthetic. "If you're

going to go down to look, at least wait for me. I want to see your face."

At once all her fears of his fading care for her were gone, replaced by the joy of a child on Snoggletog. She eagerly waited as he strapped his leg back on and rose, taking her hand and leading her out the door. "I can't believe you actually thought I'd forgotten our anniversary," he said, shaking his head.

"Well how was I supposed to know you had something planned?" Her eyes scanned the downstairs floor, eyes alighting on a shape sitting on the kitchen table. The dim light and flickering shadows of the dying fire disguised its identity for a moment before she could get closer. Whatever it was took up at least half of the table.

"I know it's not very original or anything, but it's the best I could do," he said, sounding a little disappointed in herself.

And then she recognized what it was: a saddle, all shining leather and bright metal joints. "Oh, Hiccup." She squeezed his hand, stopping to look before she dared to touch. He had nothing to be sorry about. Her old saddle was years old, from back when she and Stormfly had just started to ride, and though it was well broken in, it was getting a little worse for wear. "It's absolutely beautiful." She traced the interwoven designs around the borders, which she knew must have taken hours upon hours to do.

After she'd let go of his hand to circle the table, feeling the arch of smooth leather, the indentation of the designs floating past her fingertips, she set her eyes on Hiccup who was still carefully watching her, one hand holding his opposite elbow.

"How did you ever find the time?"

He let out a quiet laugh. "I'm quite able to make time for something as important as my beautiful wife."

She couldn't resist blushing at that, and wrapped her arms around his middle, pressing her face into his bare shoulder. "It's the most wonderful present anyone has ever given me."

He rubbed her back through her nightdress, cheek pressing into the top of her hair. "You're the most wonderful present I've ever gotten."

Astrid let out an amused laugh, then a moment of silence passed. "I love you," he said into her hair.

She turned her face upwards to meet his and kissed him slowly, her stomach warming. "I love you too," she murmured after she pulled away.

A few moments past, the logs shifting in the fireplace.

"Three years, huh," he said in a quiet voice, running a hand through her hair, letting it fall through his fingers.

"And many more to come." She smiled.

"Many, many more."

She could feel his breath against the top of her head. "Maybe. . . our next anniversary. . . could be with more than just the two of us."

He paused, hand stopping its path along her lower back. "You mean. . ."

She cursed herself for bringing it up, suddenly awkward and embarrassed. "Ah, nevermind, I don't know what I'm saying."

She tried to pull away, but he caught her arm and brought her back into his embrace, squeezing tight for a moment. "I think that is a very nice idea." She could hear the smile in his voice.

They stood like that for a while longer, barefoot, in the almost darkness of their living space, and Astrid couldn't think of any better way to celebrate one of the happiest days of her life.

7. Failed Attempts

** This chapter broke me. I don't even know why I decided to write this. Doing a little pre-writing research was painful enough much less actually writing the chapter! **

Fishlegs burst into the forge, tripping over himself, white as a ghost. What in Odin's name. . . "You okay there, Legs?" Hiccup asked.

"Yeah I'm fine. . . but you needâ€"Hiccup, Astrid needs you."

His heart froze beneath his tunic, all thoughts of the trading deal he'd been discussing with Gobber dropping from his mind.
"Where?"

"She's back at your house now. . ." Fishlegs's hands fluttered, eyes lowered. "Your mom is with her."

Hiccup was too afraid to ask the question he wanted to, because he knew that the answer would be yes. Their first baby had been hard enough on Astrid, and Hiccup knew that they shouldn't be surprised. But she'd only just realized she was pregnant again. Two and a half weeks of happiness, and now. . .

"I'll be around whenever ye want to talk again," Gobber said, but Hiccup was already heading out the door, heart pounding in his chest as he made the trek up to their house as quickly as possible.

The big wooden door barred the inside world to him, a world that was the last place he wanted to be. But even worse than the last place for Astrid.

He pushed inside. The house was eerily quiet. Usually their two year old daughter Una was a giggling fit when he got home, running out from under the table or jumping up from the rug in front of the fire to hug his leg, little braid of wispy bronze hair half falling out. Now the table stood silent, the fireplace empty, Una nowhere to be found.

He heard movement upstairs and a low voice: his mom's. Swallowing hard, he pulled himself together for Astrid's sake, took a deep breath, and started up the stairs. The door to their room was slightly ajar, and he tried to calm the shaking of his hand as he pushed it open. His mom had pulled a chair to the edge of their bed, one hand on Astrid's back.

His heart seemed to collapse in on itself at the sight of his wife curled up on their bed, unmoving, skirt gone, a far too big, far too dark splotch on the back and between the thighs of her leggings. But the worst part of it all was the lack of sound. No crying, no screaming, no curses. Just the hushed tones of his mother's voice as she spoke comforts where there were no comforts to be had.

His mom looked over her shoulder, the lines on her face drawn. "Hiccup. . ." She glanced away, shaking her head. "I'll go fetch Gothi."

Hiccup only nodded, wondering how much pain Astrid was in. The chair scraped on the floor as his mom stood and rushed from the room.

"Astrid," Hiccup approached her slowly, lowering himself carefully into the chair. A light touch to her shoulder, her waist. "Iâ€"

He felt her shake beneath him and then suck in a gasping breath. She started to sob, the desperate, terrible sobs of someone who has just had their heart broken.

In all their years together, Hiccup had never seen her cry like this. There had been a few tears here and there from the both of them. But never like this. Oh, Odin, never like this.

Hiccup's arms were reaching around her then, because he needed her just as much as she needed him. She eased up, hands catching his tunic, face against his shoulder.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, all he could manage, pulling her legs over his.

"I'llâ€"I'll get blood o-on the bed," she protested at the shift in position.

"Not important."

Her fingers suddenly tightened and he could feel her tense. A groan slipped past her tears. "Oh Freyja."

He did the best he could, held her through the pain that evoked whispered curses, prayers, tears. Nothing he did felt like enough.

The hours oozed past, and Astrid's tears faded away. At one point she got up and stumbled outside, returning pale and shaking. His mother returned with Gothi, and they kicked Hiccup out, passing over his confused daughter, home from her time playing over with the Ganglybeard little boy.

"Dada? Where Mama?" she asked from his lap as they sat in his chair, staring into an empty fireplace. She was holding the stuffed dragon

that his mother had made for him so many years ago.

"She's upstairs right now. She isn't feeling very well right now so when we go see her, make sure you give her a big hug and a kiss, okay?"

Una nodded, head shifting against her father's tunic. She rested against his chest, tucked into his bent arm, soft hair tickling his neck, her small bare feet pressing into his thigh. "Yes, Dada. Big hug and big kiss." She made a kissing sound and brought a slight smile to her father's face. She was too young to understand of course, the world miscarriage didn't fit in a vocabulary that was just Mama's, Dada's, and simple objects and feelings.

"Are you hungry? How about we make some dinner for us and Mommy and Grandma?"

"I help!" The toddler crawled off his lap and ran into the kitchen, with her father close behind.

Gothi and Valka emerged a short time later, and Hiccup glanced over to make sure his daughter was occupied with her blocks ("helping" had quickly lost its fun with the distraction of the small box of wooden block that Fishlegs had given her for her second birthday) before meeting the pair at the bottom of the stairs.

His mom offered him a slight smile. "She's doing better now, but I don't think she's ready for anyone but you to be with her. Why don't you go sit with her for a while? I'll finish whatever you were making and watch Una."

Hiccup gave her a weary smile and thanked both of the women, a little more confidant in his ability to comfort his wife as he ascended the stairs.

Astrid was sitting up in their bed when he walked in, and although she had long stopped crying, he could still see the redness in her eyes.

"How are you?" he asked, coming over to sit next to her, reaching for her hand.

But she tugged on his hand, pulling him into bed with her. "Better. Still hurts though."

He leaned over to pull off his boot, untying his prosthetic and wrapping his arm around her shoulders.

She settled into his chest, arm around his waist. Her long fingers traced a pattern on the wrinkled front of his tunic. "I thought this one might be easier," she whispered. "I thought that maybe the first was just more difficult than the others. That maybe this oneâ€œ"

Hiccup closed his eyes, attempting to control the whiplash of emotions from the past hour. He let her breathe for a moment.

"Maybe it was the flying. We didn't find out about this one as soon as the other. Maybe I did something that. . ."

"You can't blame yourself," he murmured, rubbing her back, catching her free hand in his. "No one is to blame, least of all you."

She stayed quiet, and he knew that she didn't believe him.

"There's nothing you could have done. Nothing either of us could have done. We can always try again. . ."

"And what if the next time we try, this happens again?"

"It won't."

She shook her head against his chest. "Let's not talk about this now. You just need to stay where you are right now, and never move."

He squeezed his arm around her tighter, and one of her legs hooked over his. Her nightshirt slipped up along her thigh.

They fell into silence. It wasn't the first loss they'd experienced by any means, but nothing could have prepared them for it. Hiccup only thanked Freyja for their daughter, kissed Astrid's hair, and prayed for the next Haddock baby to be welcomed into the world safe, healthy, and strong.

As it should be.

As it would be.

8. Evening Flight

** I was hesitant to approach this idea, since it's done so many times, but it ended up turning out better than I thought. Nervous Hiccup = Adorable Hiccup!**

When Astrid's boyfriend approached her, a wildly nervous look on his face, she tried to hold back a smile. His green eyes were wide and he kept chewing on his lips, his hands already moving even though he hadn't even started speaking yet.

"Hey, Babe, what are you up to?" Astrid put down the bucket of paint and the satchel of brushes she'd been carrying to finish up some of the new houses. The construction following Drago's attack on Berk had progressed at a relatively quick pace, especially with the dragons' help carrying loads of lumber back and forth, and so now, after just a month, they were already beginning to tie up some of the bigger projects.

He paused a few feet away from her as if she reeked of rotten fish. She sniffed just in case and found nothing out of the ordinary. Just wood and paint. "I'm okay I guess."

Her eyebrows rose. His voice gave the exact opposite impression of his words.

"I just wanted to know if you wanted to go out on a flight with me this evening?" He looked at the ground.

"Sure." She watched him fidget for a moment. "You okay? You don't look so great."

"Gee thanks, I always love hearing that," he sassed and then scooted around her. "Gotta go for now. See you later."

She watched him go, pacing away as if he couldn't get away faster. He hadn't looked so nervous since they'd been fifteen years old.

He glanced back. "No need to saddle Stormfly, we'll go on Toothless," he called before darting away around the forge.

She shook her head, chuckling at her boyfriend. What a dork. A loveable one, but a dork nonetheless.

Astrid's day proceeded regularly, one long day of painting and caulking the gaps in the wood of a new house, working with a few other adults to get the job done. By the time that she'd eaten and the sun had begun to go down, she'd almost forgotten about Hiccup's request over yearning for a fresh change of clothes and a rag to wash the paint off after a long day.

But he found her just as she was leaving the hall after dinner, catching her arm. "Astrid, hey, want to take that ride now?" His eyes pleaded volumes more than his casual greeting.

"Do you mind if we reschedule for another night?" she asked gently. "I'm worn out and I really just want to get home. . ." She watched his face fall, and suddenly he looked like Toothless did when Hiccup refused to give him the left over fish from dinner. She closed her eyes, sighing. "But that can wait. Let's go."

He immediately perked up, grinning past crooked teeth. He took her hand. "I've already got Toothless ready."

And sure enough, the Night Fury was waiting for them just outside the doors, sitting beside the path, watching people enter and leave the hall. He immediately leapt up and bounded over.

Astrid laughed and scratched his chin and then his head. "It's good to see you too, buddy."

Hiccup gave his friend a pat on the side of his neck and then clambered up into the saddle, flipping his foot to the right flying attachment.

Astrid of course, took the opportunity to stare at his backside.

He pulled her up behind him and she settled against his back, not quite as comfortable as she sometimes was since the hard leather of his flight suit was what was pressing into her breasts instead of warm skin. "Thanks for coming with me tonight," he said as they set off down the hill at a quick pace.

Astrid wrapped her arms around his skinny waist. Stormfly was a much smoother ride on the ground, but she had to admit after they'd taken off, soaring out over the ocean, that Toothless had every other dragon beat when it came to air travel.

"You know, I don't think I'll ever get tired of this," Hiccup said, words nearly lost on the wind as Toothless took them towards the sunset, orange and pink lights glowing in the fluffy clouds. It

reminded her of their first flight.

"I don't think I'll ever get tired of you," she said, kissing his cheek, suddenly feeling in a romantic mood.

She could see the pink seep into his cheeks and he stammered for an answer that never really came.

Eventually they sunk into silence and Toothless headed upwards, through the mist of the clouds that cooled her cheeks and left droplets on her eyelashes. When he emerged again, above the sea of clouds, they were perfectly alone, no Berk behind them, nothing but open sky and warm light filtering up from below.

She pressed her head against his shoulder. The temperature had dropped a little and she pushed her fingertips beneath the hard black leather where he usually kept his notebook. His heart was hammering in his chest.

"Astrid," he said firmly, then took a deep breath.

She lifted her head, leaning to try to meet his eyes. He stared straight ahead, a determined look on his face. From the corner of her eye she saw Toothless glance up at the pair of them with a gummy grin.

"Yes, Hiccup?" She couldn't seem to find her voice, and her words only came out as a soft almost-whisper.

"Astrid, Iâ€œI love you."

She smiled, saying nothing, sensing that there was something else to follow.

"And I think that we both knew that this was coming." His words fell out faster now. "I've already started to make the arrangements. Odin knows that the entire village has been waiting for this to happen ever since we turned eighteen. I probably should have waited to ask you first before I talked to your parents butâ€œ"

Everything took a moment to click. "Marriage! You're proposing to me!"

He turned and looked at her with her interruption, straight-faced. "Well I'm trying to, yeah."

She bit her lips, attempting to calm her smile. She couldn't help laughing and kissed his cheek again, pulling her arms more tightly around him. "Okay, continue." Excitement bubbled up in her stomach, and it took everything in her to let him finish.

He sucked in a long breath. "What I'm trying to say, Astrid, is that these past few years with you have been more than I could ever imagine. You understand me, why I do the things I do most of the time. You helped me change Berk for the better and it also doesn't hurt that you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

She laughed softly, leaning close to hear the last of his speech.

"And I couldn't think of anyone better to be my wife."

His words hung in the air and Astrid feared she would burst if she spoke.

After a moment, Hiccup glanced worriedly over his shoulder. "So is that a yes?"

She laughed aloud. "Of course it's a yes!"

He let out a breathless laugh. "Oh, okay good, because for a minute there I didn't know what you were going to say andâ€"

"Shhh." She covered his mouth with the palm of her hand. "I said yes, that's all you need to worry about."

He glanced her over his shoulder and then was pulling back the placeholder for Toothless's tail position, unhooking his foot from the control.

He managed to unhook himself from the saddle clips and clamber around so he was facing her, looking her straight in the eyes. Her heart was suddenly pounding as if they were still teenagers and they were fumbling through kisses. But this time his warm hand slipped around the back of her neck and he was looking at her lips, closing the distance between them slowly, mouth soft and careful against hers.

Astrid Haddock, she tested mentally and smiled into the kiss. Hiccup and Astrid Haddock. She could get used to it.

PS. While I'm a fan of the prospect of Hiccup proposing while singing "The Dancing and the Dreaming," I just don't think that he would actually do it. (Plus that's already been written a lot).

9. Snowstorm

** Short and sweet. Somewhere between fluff and smut. Have fun. I sort of smashed this out at 3 am, so take what you will from this disclaimer.**

The storm that hit Berk just a few months following the marriage of the young chief and his girlfriend was a monster. It tore across the island in an unexpected blast, stirring up such cold and snow that few had ever seen. The Vikings had no choice but to huddle up in their houses, warmed by their dragons and fed from the stores they'd luckily stocked up in preparation for the winter. Most of the island's inhabitants grudgingly accepted their predicament to have to put up with their families for a few days and reluctantly went about their time cooped up in their houses.

But the Haddock house was a different story. Astrid woke up on the second morning under a pile of furs with her husband's pleasantly warm and even more pleasantly naked body curled around hers. Despite the snow inevitably settling on the exterior of their house, between two bodies, two dragons, and a constant fire, the interior was perfectly warm.

Astrid pulled on the closest thing she could find (Hiccup's long forgotten tunic) and padded downstairs in bare feet to scrounge up some breakfast before her husband woke up. She found a few dried apples, a loaf of bread, and a clay pot of blackberry preserves, carrying it all back up to their room.

She could see sunlight seeping through the cracks in the window shutters but didn't want to look outside to check. It could have been early morning or midday. She didn't know, and she really didn't care. Cut off from the rest of the village with nothing to do but wait out the storm only meant that they could wake up and sleep when they pleased, with no chiefing or dragon training to do.

Astrid set the food down on Hiccup's desk and stirred the fire to life, tossing on another few logs. Her toes were beginning to get chilly, so she hopped back into bed, curling against Hiccup's back, arms around his waist. He started to stir. She pressed her cold toes into the crease behind his knee and he jumped, mumbling a jumbled, "Astrid! What theâ€" "

She chuckled into the back of his neck and kissed behind his ear. "Sorry Babe, my feet are cold and you just happen to be warm."

He settled back down into the nest of fur and pillows, turning on his side and wrapping his arm around her. But she wasn't in the mood for just cuddling anymore.

She walked her fingers down his stomach, down the trail of hair past his navel, watching his face for his response as her hand slid lower. His eyes were still closed, but she could see them moving beneath his lids, his throat bobbing as he swallowed.

"Hiccup," she whispered against his throat, kissing along the line of his stubbly jaw, across his chin to the corner of his mouth.

"Hmmm?"

Her thigh slid over his shorter leg and then she was sitting up, straddling his hips.

His eyes snapped open as she ground against him and she offered him a mischievous grin, his hands coming up to her hips. "One minute you're waking me up to the feel of your freezing cold toes on my legs and the next you'reâ€" "

She'd risen up on her knees to position him before sinking down.

He let out a groan. "You're doing _that_."

"Is there something wrong with this?" she asked innocently.

"Not in the slightest." His breath hitched when her hips twisted.

"Snowstorms don't seem so bad now." It was hard to get the words out past the growing tension in her belly.

"I can't wait for the next one," he growled low in his throat.

Astrid yelped when he suddenly pulled her down beneath him.

While the cold flurries swirled against their sturdy home, the Haddocks found themselves with warmth no fire or fur could provide, and neither of them would have had it any other way.

10. Inevitable Mess: Part One

** I've seen some fics floating around where someone has a pregnancy scare and it's portrayed as a humorous event, something to lighten the story. I can now say for a fact that pregnancy scares are quite possibly the worst thing to go through. It's basically just waiting, waiting, and more waiting! Since this is all I can think about right now, I decided to apply it to Httyd. Also, I really can't even think about updating my other fic for now (for obvious reasons if you know about it), sooooo yay for sharing way too personal stuff on the internet!**

Astrid wasn't a girl to take chances when it came to she and her boyfriend's newfound appreciation for alone time away from Berk when they were supposed to be mapping the surrounding islands. Inevitably the teasing would lead to kissing, which would lead to hands under shirts, clothing pulled off, and an overall lack of any mapping being done. She kept a stash of the necessary herbs under her bed in a small pouch, never shirking on the tea she'd gulp down when the couple had returned to their houses either that night or the next morning.

She was responsible about it. She always had been.

And yet here she was, squatting in the woods, leggings around her ankles, realizing that her oh-so-lovely monthly cycle had yet to show up. She counted the days over and over in her head, summing up the weeks. She couldn't be late. She was never late.

But she only came up with the same answer every time: it should have started the day before. She groaned and worry twisted in her stomach. Somehow she managed to pull herself together and head back to her boyfriend. Should she tell Hiccup? Or would he only worry? He'd only blow it out of proportion. She swallowed, clutching her axe. Or blow it completely into proportion.

Hiccup was waiting for her around the slope of a rock, leaning on the side of the stone edifice, arms crossed, eyes lazily watching Toothless bat at a butterfly.

"Hey, ready to move on?" she said quickly, hoping that he couldn't hear the waver in her voice.

It was only a day. That's perfectly normal, she told herself while Hiccup said something that she couldn't hear and headed for Toothless.

Stormfly seemed to be able to judge her expression where her boyfriend couldn't and nuzzled her in the chest, looking at her with eyes that seemed to ask what the matter was. Astrid scratched the scales between her eyes. "Later, girl," she promised and clambered up into the saddle.

"If you agree, I think we should head for the peak. Better vantage point," Hiccup said, walking Toothless next to Stormfly.

She fiddled with the straps holding her axe in place, afraid he would be able to read her face too easily if she looked up. "Sounds good to me." She wasn't ready for this kind of fear.

Hiccup didn't question her and they took off.

There's always other herbs, she reassured herself. Pennyroyal tea. She'd heard about it from her mother's friend when they'd thought she was too young to understand. Induce a miscarriage. Get it over with before anyone knew, most of all Hiccup. He might try to suggest something ridiculous like keeping the baby when they were only nineteen and definitely not married, much less ready for a challenge like that.

Her stomach lurched at the thought of her body ruined while she was still in her prime, not being able to get out of the house with a baby to take care of, the talk of the village. "Did you see the Hofferson girl? Stoick's son couldn't keep it in his pants." The snickering from Snotlout and the twins, the attempts of Fishleg's to help, and the embarrassment of her parents when they learned that their daughter had been fooling around when she wasn't even wed.

She groaned aloud, grateful that the wind carried the sound away. Thor Almighty, please let it not be true. She wasn't ready.

** Part Two will come soon enough.**

11. Inevitable Mess: Part Two

** Sorry I haven't updated in a while! (I'm also in the clear now, which is quite a relief!)**

The worst part is the waiting, the constant worry in the pit of her stomach that she tries to ignore and curses when she can't get the damn thoughts out of her mind. She'll wake up to stained sheets in the morning, she assures herself as she crawls under the furs at night. She'd ruin her best pair of leggings just for the knowledge that she's not pregnant. Hiccup is as clueless as ever when it comes to reading her, and she'd breathed a sigh of relief when he'd kissed her goodnight and wandered off to the forge to do Thor knew what.

But when she rubs the sleep from her eyes the next morning, slowly remembering the events of the previous day, she throws the furs off to reveal perfectly pristine bedding and leggings. It's just a few days late. No big deal. But ever since she'd passed the age of thirteen, her cycle had never wavered, and now was a hell of a time to start changing.

Her parents were still asleep when she left the house, and she and Stormfly made a lazy flight over to the academy to prepare for the day's lessons. She and Hiccup had agreed to set up the maze in the arena and have the recruits practice giving hand signals to their dragons. One of the more exciting activities that usually had her excited, but today her stomach is just full of dread.

Hiccup and Fishlegs are already there when Stormfly soars into the academy, and they look up as she slides out of the saddle. Stormfly bounds over to Toothless and Meatlug while Astrid faces her boyfriend.

"Well Good Morning, Milady," Hiccup says, hands on his narrow hips. She swallows, suddenly nervous, thinking about just what those hips had done to her those few nights ago.

"Hey, Hiccup, Fishlegs." She shifts from one foot to the other, rubbing one hand across the opposite elbow, playing with the leather cord wrapped around her arm.

"We were just deciding on the layout of the exercise," Fishlegs says, handing a drawing of the arena over to her, a maze drawn out on the floor space. She flurries to the next page of Hiccup's notebook, another maze that didn't look much different spread across the yellow page. Pretend to have an opinion, she insists.

"Which one do you think is better?" Hiccup asks, curiosity filling his voice.

She turns back to the first page, the lines swimming across her vision. All she can see is arms cradling a baby instead of swinging an axe. "Either looks great," she says, forcing enthusiasm into her voice. She shoves the notebook into Hiccup's chest, avoiding eye contact. "I'll start to get out the boards." The thought of looking at her boyfriend is suddenly terrifying, as if meeting his eyes confirms the fact that there could be a person composed of half of both of them that exists at that very moment.

She can feel the two boys' "men's?" eyes on her back as she crossed the arena, willing herself not to think about it. Everything is fine. It has to be fine. You're not pregnant. Nothing is wrong. Everything is fine. Fine.

The day oozes by, broken with frequent trips out into the woods to check, just in case it might have started. But no luck, each time as unsuccessful as the next. Relief, even a little excitement, wells in her mind when she feels a cramp low in her belly after lunch, but it fades after a while, with nothing to show for it.

It irks her that the one time she wanted her cycle to rear its ugly head—"longing for the cramps, bloating, and general discomfort of a bleeding womb"—nothing happens. And nothing does happen that day, or the next, her physical state static while her worry grew and grew. She starts to think of what she would do. What she could do. There was the tea of course, and even worse cramps to follow that. But cramps are worth avoiding the embarrassment and shame of the entire village knowing that she was going to give birth to the chief's grandchild out of wedlock.

On the fourth day after her worries began, on that blessed afternoon lazing around in the shade of the trees around the area while the students ate their lunch, she feels a gush of something. Hope flutters in her chest and she scrambles to her feet, smoothing down her skirt and feeling the telltale wetness in her leggings.

"Going somewhere?" Hiccup asks, looking up from where he leans

against a rock, his notebook in his lap.

"I'll be right back," she says, a little too eager. She almost runs to her usual spot back enough in the woods that she's hidden behind a rock and the rise of a hill.

When it's definitely what she thinks it is, she nearly cries out in relief, weight gone from her shoulders. Not pregnant. Not yet at least. Hopefully, not for a while.

Hiccup only looks at her like she's sprouting a pair of horns out of her head when she plants a long kiss on his lips upon her return, grinning against his mouth.

"What was that for?" he asks after she laughs, limbs light and carefree as they spin around her.

"I've got to go take care of something, I'll be back before lunch is over," she only replies, heading down towards the village.

"O-okay," Hiccup says, still sounding a little dazed and confused.

But she doesn't care about his reaction, because all she can think about is how glad she is that she's not carrying Hiccup's child. But now that the worry cloud is gone from her thoughts about that currently forbidden topic, she finds that the prospect of his baby, while mostly terrifying, isn't quite as bad as she'd thought. Not bad at all.

12. Theories

Shameless PWP ahead. Be warned!

She's entranced by how his expressions change when they're alone. One minute they're laughing around a table with Snotlout, Fishlegs, and the twins and he's the same sarcastic dork she grew up with. And then as soon as the door to their house is shut to the rest of Berk, there's a smirk in his eye, a boldness to the sly set of his mouth that sends heat rushing to her cheeks. When he murmurs a "come 'ere," with a snaking hand pulling her against his chest that is suddenly broader than she remembered, the heat in her cheeks floods south.

His hands are sure of themselves, capable and calloused against the bare skin of her back, tracing up her spine. His mouth is warm, breath hot, as he pushes her back to the table with slow steps that move just quick enough to have her stumbling. His arm catches her effortlessly, hauling her to the table where the wooden edge digs into her back.

She grasps onto the hips that press into her navel and her breath catches as his lips duck to her throat. The teeth nibbling on her ear have her toes curling in her boots, the warm wetness of his tongue under her jaw, his rough stubble against her neck, her cheek send the steady pulse of her heart beat down to throb suddenly between her legs.

She loves the goofy Hiccup. She lusts after the confidant Hiccup. His

broad hand tugs her shirt up, tweaking her nipple through her bindings, and sets off a spark low in her belly. She unsuccessfully holds back a moan.

He chuckles low in his throat, the sound only making her want his damned trousers off. She scrabbles at the buckle and his free hand grasps hers with a roughness she rarely witnesses from him.

"Patience is a virtue," he mumbles into her ear, pinching her nipple again. She groans. Damn him, knowing exactly how to taunt her.

"Luckily I'm not virtuous," she whispers, managing to get the buckle undone with quick fingers, looking up to his face to gloat. But his green eyes are dark in a way that has her forgetting what she was about to say.

At whatever expression had crossed her face, a slow smile creeps onto his lips and his hands are turning her around so that her hip bones are digging into the kitchen table.

"What are youâ€"" she gets out before one hand smooths up her side, the other pinching her behind. Not that she minds, really. Being on top is fun. Being on bottom can be fun too when she can still hold some of the reigns. The prospect of Hiccup bending her over a table and taking all the control is almost too much to handle in the best way possible.

His hand grasps her thigh and he pushes her into the edge of the table, his arousal pressing against one cheek. If she can feel it through a heavy skirt and woolen leggings. . . She wonders how long he's been waiting to do this.

"I'm testing a theory," he says as his hand gropes her breast beneath the bindings that have since come undone.

She rests her elbows on the table. "What's your theory then? How long you can torment your wife before she begs for relief?" Her voice is breathless.

He nips at the back of her neck, chest pressing into her back.
"Simpler than that."

Her stomach tightens at the sound of rustling fabric. His hands were under her skirt, pulling down her leggings, underclothes with them.

She swallows hard as his talented fingers graze her inner thigh. She thinks her legs might collapse from under her. His hand reaches higher, slipping over her entrance.

A hot breath exhales on the back of her neck when he positions himself and then pushes steadily in, neither slow and gentle nor quick and hard. The almost relief of having him finally in her dissipates into a stronger longing as hips rock against hers.

She arches her back, lifting up a little. His firm torso pushes her back down, the hand not braced on her hip reaching down and pulling up the front of her skirt to reach down past her damp curls to find

the slick bead that sent her gasping.

She moans his name, feeling herself start to approach something that could be the end.

"Louder," he growls into her throat, finger rubbing more insistently.

"Hiccup," she breathes, overwhelmed by the new man that seemed to have overtaken her husband.

She finishes first, fingers tense on the table, her muscles clenching tight around him.

His hand tightens in her hair and she feels him spill inside her, groaning against her shoulder.

After she's partially recovered and he's let her up, leggings around her ankles and the remains of his orgasm dripping down her inner thigh, her legs feel like pudding and it takes a great deal of concentration to hold herself up.

She can see his hands trembling as he buckles his belt again, fumbling through the familiar motions.

"You never said what the theory was."

The corner of his mouth twitches into a sly grin. "To see if you would like the surprise of it as much as I was looking forward to doing it."

And now for some mood whiplash! As much as I have enjoyed writing Hiccstrid this summer, I'm afraid the school year is quickly approaching. As it is, I'm running low on motivation to write fanfics (vs. my original stuff) so there are no guarantees for anything after this. If anyone has any requests, I'll be glad to take them to hopefully rekindle my inspiration! Best of luck to those starting school soon!

13. Snoggletog

**Well I thought I wasn't going to be writing much, but I saw some art about Hiccstrid during Snoggletog and I couldn't resist. My heart hurt writing part of this. Prepare for feels and fluff. **

The Great Hall was bustling with the warm cheer of Snoggletog, red and green boughs of foliage draped from the rafters, the scent of spiced cider and pine logs drifting through the slightly smoky air. The doors were shut to the slowly piling snow outside, and the combined heat of the dragons and the large fire in the center of the hall kept the inhabitants of Berk toasty warm.

Gobber and Mulch were playing a lively tune, listeners' fists drumming a beat on the tables along to the song while several pairs stood to dance a jig. The entire village had a smile on their face, a plate of food nearby, and a drink in their hands.

Hiccup sat on a table near the back, feet on the bench, holding a cup of cider and watching the couples dancing. His good foot absently

tapped along to the rhythm, and sitting on the bench, leaning against his leg, he could feel Astrid swaying with the music. Nearby, he heard the hearty laugh from a group of men standing around the fire, and his chest constricted without warning.

There was one laugh that wasn't there this Snoggletog, one he wished he could hear more than anything else in the village.

He stared into the fire pit, eyes blurring out of focus. It was as if he was watching the flames of the pyre again, dancing up over the broken ship, his broken father.

A light hand touched his thigh. "Hiccup?"

He blinked his eyes back into focus and looked down to his girlfriend, brow wrinkled with worry.

He let out the long breath that he hadn't realized he'd been holding and reached down to touch the cheek turned towards him, sliding his fingers into her soft hair. She leaned into his hand, kissing his palm.

He searched in her eyes for an answer to the question he knew was on the tip of her tongue. Was he all right? No, he was definitely not all right.

"I'm okay."

She narrowed her eyes in a particularly Astrid-like expression, her hand sliding off of his leg. She put her cup of ale aside. "Out with it."

Hiccup hesitated for a moment, wishing they weren't having this talk now, on what was supposed to be one of the happiest days of the year. Then again, it was also supposed to be happy because it was spent with friends and family. He withdrew his hand and pressed his fingers together, forearms braced on his knees as he leaned forward. It took him a moment to gather his thoughts, and even then, he had to gather the courage to speak it. "This is the first Snoggletog without him."

She nodded slowly, a somber expression pulling at the corners of her mouth and her pale brows.

"I'm just used to him being here, you know? And he's not." He turned his face away, afraid she might see the tear leaking down his cheek. He hastily brushed it away. He was in public. Chiefs didn't cry in front of their entire village.

"I know it'll take a while to get used to. Maybe we can do some of the things you used to do during the holidays?" she asked, gently drawing his hands apart and twining her fingers with his.

"That. . . would be nice, actually." The throbbing pain low in his throat eased a little. He glanced over to Toothless curled up close to the wall, children laughing as they clambered over his back and wings. He was usually enthusiastic around the kids who wanted to play with him, hiding them in his wings and bounding around with them on his back. But now he just sat there, pupils wide and lifeless.

"How about we start right now," she suggested, rubbing her thumb over the back of his hand. Her voice was a little desperate, as if she could tell he was starting to slip back into the depression that only she'd seen. Keeping a faÅ§ade up in front of the village was hard enough, and he'd been letting the mask drop when they settled into his bed at night, not having the energy nor the willingness to put up a front for her. Having her warm body next to his at night kept him sane, and he wasn't about to pretend that he didn't need her when he woke up at night, sweating and terrified with the images of the battle fresh in his mind.

"If you want to. . ." He thought for a moment, pushing past the pain of the memories to get to the happiness. And then a small smile touched his lips. "He would always tell me stories about my mom around this time of year. And I remember him telling me about their song." He looked over to where his mom was standing next to Gothi and her pack of Terrors. She was smiling, looking better than he felt. "They sang it together just before. . ."

His throat tightened. His mind floundered, not knowing how to find firm ground amid the tossing and turning of his father's death.

Astrid squeezed his hand and he could see her bite her lips, watching him closely.

"Let's dance," he said suddenly when Gobber and Mulch stopped to pass of the reigns of the music making to the next willing Viking. He hopped down from the table and pulled Astrid with him.

"To their song?" she questioned as he led her towards the open circle where the others were dancing.

"I don't know the words. I only heard it once."

The Berkians standing around cleared a way for their chief and his girlfriend, a few cheering as the next piece began at a quick pace.

He'd never been a big dancer, especially after he'd lost his leg, but at the moment, he just wanted to forget about the pain and longing buried in his chest.

He pulled Astrid closer with a little tug, their hands together as they faced each other.

"Hiccup, I don't know how toâ€œ" she yelped as they set off at an uneven pace, not quite keeping up with the music.

She stepped on his foot, he tripped over himself, and they cantered around the other couples like a bumbling fawn unsure of where its own feet were, but to Hiccup, it was perfect. He laughed at Astrid's panicked expression. They crashed into Gobber dancing with a Terrible Terror. And then Astrid was smiling and laughing as well.

Mumbling in a combination of amusement and embarrassment at their chief's lack of dancing ability, the other Vikings one by one dropped out of the dance and stopped to watch, eventually leaving Hiccup and Astrid as only ones left.

They spun around, skipping and hopping to the lilt of the panpipes and lyre. The rest of the village had gathered in a circle around the couple, but neither seemed to notice.

Hiccup let one of Astrid's arms go and she did a little spin under his arm, smiling as they pranced about, barely hearing the clapping and hollering of the other Vikings. Distracted from the worries of the world, happy just to be with each other; happy just to _be_.

14. Beneath the Furs

** Wrote this after a particularly eventful nsfw Hiccstrid day on tumblr. Rushing to finish this before my roommate gets back. Now that my relationship is long distance again (thanks college) there'll probably be more smutâ€œ! Long distance = sexual frustration and crappy smut.**

It's far past time to be awake when Astrid hears Hiccup shuffling around in their dark loft bedroom, the rustle of his shirt as it slides over his head, the clink of his belt as his pants fall to the floor. She cracks one eye open, watching her husband's slender figure against the white moonlight seeping through the cracks of the shutters.

He doesn't put anything else on, instead sitting on the edge of the bed, and she can hear his prosthetic coming off. The curve of his backside half hidden by the thick blankets has her smiling to herself.

She snaps her eyes shut as he slides under the furs. He doesn't settle next to her as usual, but reaches out for her waist beneath her nightgown, sliding a hand over the arc of her hip and down her thigh, back up to rest on her cheek.

"Astrid," he whispers just below her ear after his head comes forward, teeth nibbling at the side of her neck, tongue reaching out to taste her skin.

Something stirs inside her despite the fatigue pulling at her mind. He draws her hips forward, squeezing her backside and drawing up the hem of her nightgown. She rubs her chilly feet together and swallows, squinting against the darkness to see the wanting expression on his shadowed face.

One hand fumbles forward under the covers, tracing the warm skin of his back, his strong shoulder, up to slide into his soft hair.
"Hiccup," she mumbles in a voice low from sleep.

And then his movements become more insistent at her awakening. He pinches her nipple with a sharp tug and jerks her knee over his hip, hands smoothing over her back.

"Someone's needy tonight," she says into the bend of his shoulder, hand trailing down the dark trail of hair below his navel to grasp the hard length she felt pressing into her hip.

He groans and rolls on top of her, pushing her thighs apart. Her nightgown is pooled over her stomach, and he reaches between them to

pull back her underwear, parting her damp folds to glide over the nub of flesh that sends the tense heat in her belly throbbing for his touch.

She runs a hand over his back, feeling the muscles tense with holding himself above her. His fingers are cold against her slick heat, and he dips his fingers down, positioning himself before sinking down. His hard length is hot compared to his hands, and she lets out a low moan as his hips draw back and jerk into hers.

He bites down on her shoulder with such force that she's sure will leave a mark. She groans, legs pulled up over his hips.

The rough grunt from his throat that emerges with a particularly hard thrust has her breath quickening. This side of Hiccup rarely shows itself, but when it does. . . she likes it far more than she ever thought she would.

15. Snotlout's Dilemma

I'm back! Who knows for how long but I'm getting back into the swing of things for Nanowrimo. Just a short little drabble that HarryPotterManiacWrites suggested! (No I didn't forget!) Hopefully I'll be updating at least a few more times before November.

Snotlout grimaced. Across the hall, Astrid had merely given him a wave and a smile before heading over to swing one long leg over the bench next to Hiccup. He looked down at himself in confusion, flexing his arms to make sure they were still as large as he'd thought. Hiccup, the scrawny dragon-bait? Get Astrid, the babe of the village?

It was just a fling, he'd thought after Hiccup had first lost his leg. Pity for the new one-footed son of the chief. And now? After two years had passed and he'd shot up like a beansprout, she was still standing up for him in the arena, still kissing him on the cheek, sometimes even lips, in the mornings when they first met.

Hiccup's arm slipped around Astrid's waist, and Astrid didn't flinch like when Snotlout did it. He hesitated a moment. Was it really possible that he and Astrid Hofferson weren't meant to be?

He could hear Astrid's laugh across the hall and he sighed.

"Hey Snotlout," Tuff said, clapping a hand on his shoulder. "Yak tipping tonight?"

"Sure, man. If you're prepared for me to tip more than you."

"Like either of you are better than I am," Ruff scoffed, rolling her eyes. She looked at Snotlout like he was stupid. "Don't you even know how bad you?"

"Shut up, Ruff," he glared at her, shaking his head.

The girl smirked and pulled her helmet down over her forehead. "Guess you'll just have to see tonight then, huh?"

Her narrow hips swayed as she strode away, gloating. Her butt wasn't too bad looking either, he noted.

Huh.

16. Haircut

**A little piece about Hiccup's hair inspired by the newish deleted scene from HTTYD 2 where Astrid calls Hiccup's hair big. Suggested by ZefronsAngel. Headcanon: Astrid always thinks Hiccup's hair needs a trim and will badger him until he lets her cut it. **

"Hiccup?" Astrid knocked lightly on the door to the upper loft of the forge where Hiccup's work desk sat. The door creaked inward and from inside there came a muffled rustling of papers.

"Come on in!"

Hiccup had tied back the scrap of a curtain hanging in the window, evening sun streaming through the dust motes in the air. The shelves piled high with books and portfolios stuffed with uneven papers seemed to be in even more disorder than usual, and her boyfriend barely glanced up from the desk scattered with stacks of parchment as she stepped inside.

"To what do I owe the honor of your visit, milady?" He pushed back the auburn hair falling in front of his eyes, leaving a smudge of charcoal on his forehead.

"I'm heading to dinner now. Want to join?"

He scratched the back of his head, fingers disappearing into thick hair. "Gee, Astrid, I really want to, but there's just so much work to do with the new stables Iâ€"

"You need to eat, Hiccup," she said a little more firmly than she'd intended. There'd been too many days Hiccup had scampered about the village from one construction project to the next, making sure all the plans stayed true to his designs and had forgotten to eat. He needs to take better care of himself, she thought. That's what she was there for, right?

"I'll get something later."

Astrid crossed her arms. Intimidation it was, then. "I've heard that before." She watched him push back his hair again. "And while you're at it, we can swing by my place and I can give you a haircut or it'll grow past your eyes before you know it."

He lifted both hands to his head as if he'd been unaware of its growth. "Really? I've been thinking of growing it out."

"I think you're past that point now."

"I thought you liked it long?" He leaned his chair back on its rear legs, propping his foot and prosthetic on the edge of the desk. She watched his hands fiddle with the pencil, flipping it between his fingers. Fingers all too talented in other things as well.

"It's not bad. . . you're just starting to look like a wild man who hasn't spoken to anyone but wild dragons." Her lips twisted up into a wry grin. "So yeah, it might need a little trim, dragon boy."

"But you need something to hold onto," Hiccup smirked. "When we'reâ€" "

She lifted her hands, palms out. "None of that now. I'm hungry. Come on, let's go eat. If you promise to sit through a haircut, I'll give you a present later." If that was the way he was going to think, there's no reason why she shouldn't use that to her advantage.

He perked up. "What sort of present?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out." Knowing he would follow, she turned and walked out.

Sure enough, there came a rapid shuffling of papers and a curse as her boyfriend must have stumbled over his chair. A few seconds after, he was jogging out of the forge to catch up with her, taking her hand as they turned the corner.

"Thanks for waiting," he teased.

She tugged him towards her house, conveniently close to the forge. "Haircut first, then dinner."

He let out an overdramatic groan. "Astriiiid."

She had to hold back a smile. "Oh don't be a grumpy gronkle."

"Gronkles aren't even grumpy," he grumbled but let her pull him through the front door.

"It's just a saying," she said, then shouted, a "Mom!" through the seemingly empty house.

"Guess they're at dinner," Hiccup said, looking around. The fire was still going steady, so they couldn't have left terribly long ago.

"You sit," Astrid said and found her mother's mending basket on one of the shelves, rummaging through it for the shears.

"So what's the verdict?" Hiccup asked as she chewed on her lip, deciding how much to cut. "Don't cut off too much."

"Just a trim," she agreed and set out to shorten the bits hanging over his forehead, around his ears, at the back of his neck. She took the shears to the long strands from his scalp, layering the hair so it would be less dense, and hopefully not as hot. She would have told him how soft his hair was, but she didn't want him bringing it up all the time, so she bit the compliment back.

"How about that?" she asked when she was done with her handiwork. When he turned around to face her, she smiled. The new cut was better than she'd hoped. The boyishâ€"admittedly adorableâ€"look of before was gone. She could see the line of his jaw now, the curve of it just below his ear. The shorter strands curled up in the slightest, and

his eyes seemed even brighter. If anything, he finally looked his age.

"I-I'll find you a mirror."

Ever ignorant, he stood, shrugging. "You've got one in your room, right?"

She watched his jaw as he spoke. Had his voice always been that deep? "Yeah."

She followed him up the stairs and into her room, to the small mirror hung on the wall. He eyed his reflection, nodding, not seeming to recognize the underlying change. "I like it. Short enough to not get in the way. I might let it grow for a while."

"Of course you will."

He faced her, grinning. Oh Great Odin her boyfriend was handsome. "So how about that present?"

17. Alone in the Haddock House

Feeling particularly smutty tonight. What other better way to start out the week? Suggested by an anon reviewer: Hiccstrid's first time.

"So, we're really doing this?" Hiccup asked, nerves pressing his heart unevenly against the inside of his chest. He ran a hand through his hair, glancing from Astrid's face down to her armor-less shoulders and her palms flat on her thighs.

She pressed her lips together, pulling her loose braid over her shoulder. "Yeah, I guess we are. You sure your Dad won't be home?"

Hiccup fiddled with the straps of his prosthetic. Should he leave it on? Take it off? He didn't know the proper etiquette for missing limbs when it came to sex with girlfriends. "Yeah, he told me the flight back would take him all afternoon tomorrow."

Astrid shifted on the furs in front of him. "Okay, just making sure." Something in Hiccup told him to reach out for her. He lifted an unsure hand to her cheek, taking a deep breath and leaning forward on the bed to press his lips to hers.

There was something about seeing Astrid Hofferson nervous that set him on edge. Not that necessarily was a bad thing.

Her lips were soft against his, then returned the kiss with a little more confidence. The bed creaked as his arm wrapped around her waist and he hoisted her onto his lap. It felt right, different, unrushed. Long, firm legs settled on either side of his hips, and her chilled fingers slid through the hair at the nape of his neck. A shot of heat went straight down his stomach.

As his hand at her back slipped under her shirt, pinky dipping past the waistband of her leggings, his tongue parted her lips. "Astrid," he groaned when she rolled her hips against his, pressing into the

hardening bulge in his trousers.

They were no strangers to each other's bodies, even without taking that last step that seemed to mean more than the rest put together, the last barrier to work their way around. But all those bumbling attempts at pleasing each other without any need of precautionary teas had seemed a hollow reward.

Her quick fingers pressed harder against his shoulders, sliding down his chest, tugging up the hem of his shirt. He helped her pull it the rest of the way off, and her shirt was next on the floor beside his.

Hiccup paused, the nerves returning to bat at his insecurities.
"You're sure. . ."

Her lips twisted into a grin and she kissed his cheek, drifting down to his stubbly jaw as her hands caught his and brought them to the tie of her bindings. "I'm sure," she murmured against his ear in a way that sent the blush in his cheeks rushing down to the area still pressed to the heat between her legs.

"Me too," he said, just to reassure himself. There was no going back. His doubts faded as he unwrapped the wide linen strip and it fell away from her pale breasts.

She fastened her lips to his throat, nibbling at his pulse point.

"Great Odin," he muttered as he cupped one pert breast, rubbing a thumb over her nipple, already hard in the cool air.

The slow roll of her hips, now steady against his had him doubting how long he would last once he was finally in her. Just the thought of sliding into her slick heatâ€" He took a long shuddering breath.

"Do you want to be on top?" Astrid asked suddenly, pulling away from his throat, looking at him with dark eyes. "Or should I?"

Hiccup gulped, finding it difficult not to look at the pink nipples standing hard just inches below her lips. "Uhh." He cleared his throat. "Eitherâ€"I guessâ€"Either is fine. Up to you."

She ran her hand down his chest, over the thin patch of hair between his pectorals, down to the trail leading to the prominent bulge in his trousers. And thenâ€"Thor Almightyâ€"she leaned back, flat stomach stretched out in the candlelight, head leaning to the side. "You can be on top. Leg off first, though."

"I canâ€" His protest died on his lips when she turned around and knelt on the bed, backside in plain view to see while she unbuckled the straps around his calf. He didn't even feel the release of its weight, thinking only of taking her as she was. The prospect of taking a woman before had never seemed appealing to him before he was privy to his girlfriend on her hands and knees on his bed.

A huff of air escaped with his next breath. His member strained against the lacings, just thinking about what it would be like insideâ€"

"There," Astrid said, satisfied as she eased his prosthetic off the bed. She crawled up his chest, nipples brushing his stomach. The grin on her face was positively devilish. "Now how about this, hmm?"

All hesitations suddenly evaporated from Hiccup's mind. She wanted this. He wanted this. They were ready. Eighteen years was plenty long enough to wait. He drew her lips to his, tongue sweeping through her mouth, the faint taste of wine and honey left over from dinner.

He could feel her heart hammering against his, beating equal rhythms of excitement and nervousness.

She made the first move, pulling at the lacings of his trousers, tugging them down over his thighs. Barely breaking the kiss, he kicked them the rest of the way off and rolled over, pulling Astrid beneath him.

She grasped his throbbing hardness in her palm, and he ducked his head to her neck, nibbling below her ear, groaning at her touch.

Hiccup shifted his weight to one elbow, pulling at the waistband of her leggings until she wiggled out of them along with her underwear. There was a flush to her cheeks, and she was chewing at her lip. Nothing between them now, stomach to stomach.

"Last chance to turn back," he murmured, kissing her once on the lips while one hand drifted down to her hip, sliding down her bare thigh to hook her leg up over his hip.

She said nothing, kissing his shoulder and reaching between them to take him, slide the tip over her wet folds. Gods. Down over her the bead that made her jump, to the place where he could feel all barriers vanish, just hot, wet skin.

Their groans mingled in the air as he slowly eased inside her, holding back from going too fast. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her.

A quiet whimper escaped her lips when their hips met, her quick breaths loud in his ear as his cheek pressed against hers, face into the pillows. Astrid Hofferson had just whimpered because of him. Thor Almighty.

"So this is good?" he asked, voice cracking. He pulled back to look at her face, brushing the hair from her eyes, senses overwhelmed by the tight wetness surrounding his member. And he'd thought it couldn't get much better than her mouth. . .

Astrid's hips shifted as she squirmed against him. "Hiccup," she said flatly, drawing his earlobe between her teeth in a way that made him almost jump. "Yes."

It was all he could do to restrain himself from going too hard. He drew his hips back, sinking into her again with another groan. Slow at first, her breasts bouncing slightly with each unhurried thrust. He picked up speed as he saw that she was enjoying herself, her other leg hooking over her hip, ankles locked around his backside.

Astrid's fingers clamped tight on his shoulder, and after he'd picked up the speed, she reached a hand between them, finger descending low. Only when he realized with her eyes shut and the new gasping moan that escaped what her fingers were doing to herself did he realize how close he was already. Touching herself didn't help at all.

His thrusts became more erratic, weight braced on his elbows. He could feel himself approaching the brink and tried to hold back, but all he could feel was Astrid's slick heat around him. He could only hear her gasps and the wet sounds of their hips meeting. The heat in his belly was about to overflow.

"Hiccup!" she gasped as he surged into her with a particularly hard jerk of his hips, and the whimper that followed the cry of his name sent him over the edge.

"Fuck, Astrid," he swore as his muscles clenched in the waves of pleasure rolling through his body. His seed spilled inside her while his fingers clamped down on her hips to still them , eyes clutching shut.

After a few moments, he realized that her hand hadn't ceased beneath him, the rhythm of her rubbing over her clit quickening.

"Can youâ€"" she breathed.

He withdrew from her, half hard and still wanting her. His fingers found her slender ones, sliding to replace hers. Thumb rubbing circles around that wet bead, he bit at her throat the way he knew she liked, a little harder than usual.

Her hips bucked into his hand while she looked up at his face, pink lips falling open, eyebrows raised when he changed directions suddenly.

He nudged her hand up with his arm, and looking slightly confused, she lifted her still-damp fingers to his chin.

Hiccup ducked and took her index finger in his mouth, sucking her own juices from her slender fingers. Her head fell back with a groan.

"Close?" he asked around her finger.

She could only nod.

Hiccup picked up the pace and took her middle finger next, tongue swirling around the tip. His thumb slipped over the wet bead.

"Hiccup! ahahh!"

She arched into his hand, muscles clenching, fingers twisting in the furs beneath them. Twitching beneath the final attentions he paid her, she groaned as he withdrew, wiping his fingers on the furs.

He rolled to the side while she recovered, kissing her neck, her shoulder while his hand rubbed over her stomach.

When she seemed to finally catch her breath, she opened her eyes, looking to him with a tired, sly grin, eyes half lidded. "That was. . ."

"Good?" he supplied.

Astrid let out a soft laugh. "That's one word, I suppose." To his surprise, she rolled against his side, tucking her face into the crook of his shoulder. Her back was damp with sweat, but he rubbed up and down her spine anyway, trying to ignore the feel of her bare breasts pressing against his side.

Hiccup kissed her forehead. "Thank you."

She swatted lightly at his chest. "You don't need to thank me." Her eyes were already sinking shut as she nestled her head into the crook of his shoulder.

"Under the covers?" he suggested, yawning through a grin as he just realized that he'd just had sex with Astrid Hofferson. And to think he'd only ever thought that would happen in his dreams.

"Sure," she mumbled against his shoulder. He eased the furs out from under her, pulling them up over both of them. Her leg hooked up over his and he kissed her forehead as she settled back against him.

"I love you," he whispered into her hair, though her eyes had already shut.

"Love you too," she murmured back. Her response had him grinning as he drifted off. Astrid Hofferson loved him. That realization never ceased to amaze him.

End
file.